

THE AMADOR LEDGER.

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A SPASM OF REFORM.

THE REVIVAL THAT WAS SUGGESTED FOR THE TOWN OF JERICHO.

Pap Perkins, the Postmaster, Tells About the Enthusiasm With Which Abijah Holden's Idea Was Greeted and How Lish Billings Doubted It With a Wet Blanket.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.] It was Abijah Holden who first got the idea, and he sprung it on the post-office crowd one Saturday night in the most unexpected manner. He'd bin keepin' powerful quiet for a week or two, like a man who's left his jack-knife stickin' in the barn door and is tryin' to remember the fact, and this made the surprise all the greater. The crowd was most ready to go home when he got up and said:

"Feller Citizens of Jericho—I want to see this town boomed as much as any of you. I want to see her get up and hump herself till Boston or Chicago won't be in it, but when it comes to choosin' between size and goodness I'm for goodness. I think it's better for one's soul and body to live in a small, good town than in a big, bad town. I'm willing to go in and help push Jericho along, as I said, but let's do it on right lines. Let's start her off on a high moral plane and keep her so."

"There's a pint, and mebbe a mighty strong one, in what Bijah says," remarked Deacon Spooner as the speaker settled the counterfeits.

When a person comes into "Old Man" Smith's cigar store and hands him money in return for something purchased, the old man can ascertain by a single glance or touch whether the money is good or counterfeit. If the money is bad, he puts it under the tobacco cutter, or his money tester, as he calls it, and there it is two.

One day last week a rough looking young man came into his store and asked for a piece of chewing tobacco. At the same time he laid a 50 cent piece lightly on the counter. The old man picked up the money and looked at it. It had a dull color and was not as heavy as an ordinary half dollar. The proprietor walked over to where the tobacco was, and taking down a piece of the brand the young man had called for, he pretended to put it under the tobacco cutter, but instead he slipped it into halves. He then handed the two pieces to the young man and commanded him to "get," which he promptly did.—Chicago Record.

New York Is Provincial. Perhaps there is no city quite so provincial as New York, says A. Maurice Low in The Atlantic, due to the fact that the average New Yorker, whether in society or business, has got into the habit of patronizing the inhabitants of any other city. The New York business man complacently feels that the rest of the country is financed by New York and must do as New York tells it. The society man or woman of New York believes that the rest of the country, with few exceptions, there is no society worthy of the name, and what society does exist is merely a bad imitation of its New York prototype.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Political Sanction of What All Agreed to Be a Good Thing. One of the latest writings of the late Charles Dudley Warner was an essay for The Century, entitled "The Pursuit of Happiness."

Perhaps the most curious and interesting phrase ever put into a public document is "the pursuit of happiness." It is declared to be an inalienable right. It cannot be sold. It cannot be given away. It is doubtful if it could be left to die.

The right of every man to be 6 feet high and of every woman to be 5 feet 4 was regarded as self evident until women asserted their undoubted right to be 6 feet high also, when some confusion was introduced into this interpretation of this rhetorical fragment of the eighteenth century.

But the inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness has never been questioned since it was proclaimed as a blessing. He hadn't seen a great deal of wickedness around Jericho, and he didn't believe there was much, but what was lurkin around in the fence corners might as well be driv out to make a clean state of it. He didn't believe in mixin' booms with religion, but yet if a boom did follow the revival he had six acres of land which he would cut up into town lots and sell for fair prices.

Salathiel Thompson followed with a rignin speech. He had bin seein wickedness in Jericho for over 20 years, but he didn't strong "nuff to cope with it single handed had kept his head shut and let it go on. To his certain knowledge there was lars and thieves and swindlers in the town. There was also drunkenness and profligacy and bettin. He had sometimes gone to bed o' nights expectin' the fate of Sodom to overtake the place before the sun rize. If a revival would sweep away all this wickedness, and he believed it would, then let 'er come. More goodness meant more churches, and if another meetin' house was built he wanted the job and would take it at the lowest reasonable figure.

Solomon Davis followed with a history of Sodom and Gomorrah. He had read up on them towns and got all the particulars. If they'd had a revival and everybody turned to goodness, they'd not only have bin standin' right, but property along the main streets would have bin worth \$1,000 a foot. Nobody could say that Jericho was a hundredth part as wicked as Sodom, but she'd got a start and unless checked up it was only a question of time when an earthquake would leave her a heap of ruins. He wouldn't take up the valuable time of the meetin' to give instances of wickedness beyond makin' it known that during the past year some Gomorrahites had cut off the tails of three of his hogs and pulled all the tail feathers out of one of his peacocks. Let the revival and the wave of goodness come on. He'd ring the bell for services and sweep out the church and not charge a cent for his services, and when the business boom followed it would find him ready to put down four boards of new sidewalk and take in ten boards at \$5 a piece.

There were half a dozen others who made speeches and pledged themselves, and Deacon Spooner tapped on the floor with his cane and said he thanked heaven he had lived to see that night. The enthusiasm was still bin when Lish Billings strolled in and looked around in an inquiring way. The deacon explained what was up and asked him if he hadn't sunthin to say.

"Waal, not a great deal," replied Lish. "I'd like to ask who's to get to this revival?" "We'll send for some great preacher," answers Abijah Holden.

Abijah Holden's idea was greeted with enthusiasm, but Lish Billings doubted it with a wet blanket.

SINKING SHIPS.

They Don't Linger in Midcean, but Go to the Bottom.

What becomes of the ships that sink at sea? Do they go all the way to the bottom or do they meet somewhere under the surface a certain pressure that buoys them up and holds them in equilibrium? Somebody, we forget who it is, has given rein to his gawwome fancy and pictured all the ships that have been lost in midcean as wandering about like so many ghosts half way between the surface and the bottom.

There is no foundation whatever for such a notion, though many persons have it. Any object that will sink beneath the surface of the sea will sink the way to the bottom. The pressure, encountered on the way down, which is simply enormous in the deeper parts, has nothing to do with the object's sinking, for it is exerted on the object as well as on the water, thus equalizing the conditions.

The reason why the object sinks to the bottom is that water is not compressible; at least it is so little so that its density at the bottom of the sea is only a trifle greater than it is at the surface. Scientists tell us that the water at the bottom is just about as much denser than the water at the surface as sea water is denser than fresh water.

This slight difference in density, therefore, does not and cannot stop the downward course of a sinking ship, or any object that is heavy enough to sink rapidly beneath the surface. Pressure, as we have said, is not a factor in the case at all.—Chicago Record.

A Bone "Library." There is a lending library of human bones in London. It is intended for the use of medical students, and the bones are lent out in exactly the same manner as books from a circulating library. The entire collection is valued at \$5,000 and contains besides human bones the skeletons of horses, dogs, cats, oxen and sheep—all animals that the veterinary surgeon is likely to be called upon to treat. The present market price of a human skeleton is from \$6 to \$20, according to its condition. A skull may be worth anything from 5s. to £1. For a payment of 6d. a student can borrow any part of the skeleton that he desires to study and may retain it for one week. A complete skeleton can be borrowed from the library for the sum of 15s. down and a deposit of £5.—London Answers.

Her Proposals. Talking of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Lord Houghton said, "Miss Coutts likes me because I never proposed to her. Almost all the young men of good family did. Those who did their duty by their family always did. Mrs. Browne (Miss Coutts' companion) used to see it coming and took herself out of the way for ten minutes, but she only went into the next room and left the door open, and then the proposal took place. I immediately it was done Miss Coutts coughed, and Mrs. Browne came in again."—Augustus J. C. Har's Recollections.

The Mystery of Gout. It is better to confess ignorance than to assume false knowledge. In spite of the careful study that has been given to the subject of gout it must be admitted that we are as yet uninformed as to its exact nature.—Medical Record.

An Inventive Genius. Mr. Small—Do you know her? Mrs. Small—Only by reputation. Her husband is the inventor of the cash register for married men's trousers' pockets.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Fitting. A tailor made suit is sometimes followed by a lawyer made suit in this turn by a nonsuit.—St. Paul Dispatch.

TOLD BY THE GROCER. His Conversation With a Deaf Woman Lost Him a Customer. "I'll tell you how I lost a good customer the other day," said the groceryman. "I have one customer who is extremely deaf, and to make her hear I have to yell at her. It takes about half an hour to get her order, and by that time my voice is pitched so high that I can't get it down to earth again."

"The other day it happened that after she left in came Mr. Oldboy, who is a perfect crank. Was in the army once and a great stickler for bowing and scraping and all that sort of thing. Wants a fellow he trades with to salute and present arms and do all kinds of things. He came in and said, 'Good morning.' I wish you had heard me yell at him. My voice made the windows rattle. He looked surprised, but went on talking to me, and I kept up answering him in a voice that could be heard a block away. He got madder and madder, but I never knew what was up until finally he got red in the face and said, 'Mr. Black, sir, I am not deaf, sir, and resent your yelling at me as if I couldn't hear a cannon fired in my ear.' With that out he went."

"You see, I had been talking to the deaf lady and couldn't get my voice down again. You try it some time and see if you don't yell at every one you meet. Funny, too, but I always yell at blind people and foreigners, and I always whisper when I go in where any one's sick."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A Dreadful Blunder. Mr. Jinks—You look all broke up. Mr. Jinks—I am. It just makes me sick to think that a fool I've been. You know that commonplace little lowly next door that I've been snubbing?" "Yes."

"Well, I've just found out that her husband gets \$5 more a month than you do."—New York Weekly.

Not a Frank. Larry—The doctor said I had glass eyes. How much are they? Optician—Do you wish nose glasses? Larry—No; I want eye glasses. Optician—See too me nose, kin O'2—New York World.

Bridal Presents as Revenge. "One of my rivals played me an awful mean trick."

"What was it?" "He gave us a lamp which burns a half gallon of coal oil every night."—Exchange.

To an Extreme. "I believe in being kind to the birds and all that," said Miss Hankypank, "but I do think Clara Deager carries it too far."

"What has she been doing now?" asked the other girl.

"She refused Harry Singlehead because somebody told her that when he went out rowing he always feathered his oars."—Chicago Tribune.

NOT DRIED CURRANTS

A LEARNED GROCER COMMENTS UPON A COMMON MISTAKE.

The Tiny Fruit Used in Cake, Puddings, Buns and the Like Are Raisins Made From Little Grapes That Are Grown in Greece.

"Mother wants a pound of dried currants," said a little girl who came into the learned grocer's store in Eighth avenue.

"I hain't got a dried currant in the store and there hain't none in the city," replied the learned grocer. "But I know what you want, sissy, and I've got 'em."

The learned grocer brought forth a box of the little, sticky, sugary, gritty currants used in fruit cake, plum puddings, mince pies, buns and the like.

"Why, them's 'em," exclaimed the little girl.

"Yes; them's 'em," assented the grocer, "and if the Grecian maiden who trod this particular lot of 'em into shipshape had used a little water or even a feather duster on her feet before she began there wouldn't be so much grit in 'em as there is. She must have been having a regular boozdown on the classic sands before she began to dance on this box of fruit. There, sissy; tell your mother she must bathe 'em in several waters before she uses 'em, or she might just as well put a lot of sandpaper in her fruit cake. And tell her that they ain't dried currants either."

"What's the reason they ain't dried currants?" demanded a disputative customer when the girl had gone.

"They ain't dried currants any more than they are dried pumpkins," replied the grocer. "The reason they ain't dried currants is that they weren't currants before they were dried. Good reason enough, ain't it?"

"Yes," said the customer, less disputative than he was. "But what does everybody call them dried currants for then?"

"Cause they don't know any better," said the learned grocer. "They'll go right on coming in here and asking for dried currants just the same after I tell 'em why they ain't dried currants as they did before."

"What should they ask for, then?" inquired the customer.

"If any man should come in here and ask for dried currants," replied the learned grocer, "he would not necessarily be a gentleman, but I'd bet on him being a scholar. Dried currants is what you should ask for when you want this little sugar coated, gritty raisin, for it's a raisin pure and simple."

"How's that?" the customer wanted to know.

"Because it was a grape before it was dried," said the grocer, "and if raisins ain't grapes what are they?"

"But you said these were dried currants," persisted the customer. "What's a currant, anyhow?"

"A currant is the smallest grape that grows," replied the learned grocer, "and it lost its name years and years ago because it was gradually corrupted into 'currant,' which became also the name of the adulterated little berry of our garden, which you mist take for now until Gabriel sounds his horn without getting it nearer the condition of a raisin than a pea is."

"This little grape grows all over the islands of the Grecian archipelago and was first exported from Corinth, and that's what gave it its proper name. The bunches don't grow much bigger than a stem of red currants, and they are so full of sugar that when they are picked and dried in the sun they actually seem to melt and run together like gumdrops, and it takes a lot of care and work to separate them again."

"After they are separated is the time when the Grecian maiden gets her work in on 'em, for it is one of her pleasant duties to jump on a heap of the sticky stuff with her bare feet until she has compressed enough of the little raisins to squish them boxes out from now until Gabriel sounds his horn."

"No hydraulic pump could do it better. If we could, we wouldn't have the sand and grit the maiden's feet mingle with the fruit, and without that no dried currants are genuine."

"Still, I shall expect folks to come in here right along and ask for dried currants just the same," said the learned grocer as he went to wait on a new customer.—New York Press.

Fitch and Toas. The professor happened in at the doctor's the other morning and found him polishing the belongings on the sideboard.

"Improving the shining hours, are you?" he said.

"No, sir," replied the doctor. "I'm improving the shining owners."

"Grimly ejaculated the professor. "Who are they?"

"They're ours."

"Well, isn't that what I said?"—Chicago Tribune.

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A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

The Meeting Between an Ambitious Hunter and His First Grizzly.

In "Sketches of Life in the Golden State" Colonel Albert S. Evans tells an amusing anecdote of an ambitious hunter who met his first grizzly bear in the woods near the site of the present town of Monterey.

The hunter sat down to rest in the shade of a tree and unwittingly went to sleep. When he woke, it was near sunset, and he sat up, rubbing his eyes and contemplating a return to his hotel several miles distant.

Just then a rustling and cracking noise from a clump of chaparral about 100 yards away attracted his attention. Out walked a grizzly bear a monarch of his kind. He yawned, licked his jaws and then advanced toward the tree where our hunter sat, but evidently was unconscious of his presence.

His grizzly majesty had proceeded about 20 paces when a female bear followed him, and an instant later a third grizzly followed her at a slow, shambling pace.

The hunter sat spellbound with terror as the procession came toward him until the forward grizzly was within 30 yards. Then, scarcely realizing what he did, he sprang to his feet and uttered a frenzied yell—yell upon yell!

The effect was magical. The foremost bear sprang into the air, turned sharply about, knocked the female down, rolled over her, gathered himself up and bellowed "like 40 cartloads of rock going down a shoot," straight for the chaparral again, the other two bears close at his heels and never turning to see what had frightened them.

The hunter, seeing the enemy retreating, sprang to his feet and fled at top speed for the hotel, leaving hat and gun behind. The truth of his wild and startling tale was proved the next day by the numerous bear tracks of different sizes found in the marshy ground near by. But the three bears had gone off beyond pursuit.

Things You Hear. You no doubt hear things every day that are not true and repeat them. Try not to do it. It is surprising how many things are told that are untrue and cruel. It is surprising how many people like this sort of talk. Be above circulating an untrue and damaging story about any one to oblige some mischievous gossip.—Aitchison Globe.

Aggravating. Mrs. Meddergray, the postmistress doesn't seem to like the new professor of the school.

Mr. Meddergray—No; I reckon not. I herd some of the fellows at the store say he had wrote all his postal cards in Latin or some other furrin language.—Baltimore American.

DO COWS CRY? Mary—I'm positive Fred loves me and intends to make me his wife. Helen—Why? Has he proposed yet? Mary—No, but he dislikes me more every time he sees her.—Jugend.

A man is a fool to be jealous of a good woman, and he is a fool to be jealous of a worthless one. Now draw your own conclusions.—Chicago News.

Standing around the streets is not the only way of loafing.—Aitchison Globe.

The surest way to keep the womanly health is to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It promotes perfect regularity, it drives the demons which weaken women. It cures inflammation, ulceration, and female weakness. It soothes and strengthens the nerves, drives away despondency, and gives a healthy appetite and refreshing sleep. It makes childbirth easy, and nursing mothers will find in it a strength giving tonic.

"Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor other narcotic.

"I never cured newspaper notoriety," writes Mrs. E. A. Bender, of Keene, Cochenos Co., Ohio, "yet I am so afraid to speak a good word for your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Fleming's Pellets.' Over a year ago I suffered terribly for weeks with prolapse and weakness. After using a bottle of 'Favorite Prescription' I feel like a new woman. I have taken no medicine since and have had no symptoms of my former trouble. I have used the 'Favorite Prescription' at different times for more than four years and find it the best of all."

Free. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, in paper covers, sent free, on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. In cloth binding 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. W. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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AMERICAN WATCHES, CLOCKS JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE

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The above rates are strictly in advance.

How to Avoid the Terrors of Croup and Whooping Cough. It is useless these days for parents to worry over croupy children or to have their rest broken by them. Modern medical science has robbed these diseases of their terrors, just as it has smallpox and diphtheria. Have this remedy for any cough or cold always at hand; simply ask your druggist or storekeeper for a bottle of Dr. Gill's Botanic Cough Syrup, or send 25 cents (stamps) to Scott & Gilbert, San Francisco, for trial size, prepaid.

HE WHISTLED ON THE WAY.

No deeds of fame enshrined his name, No laurel wreath or bay, And yet he made earth happier; He whistled on the way!

When sorrow frowned and stars were drowned In stormy skies and rain, He saw the light stream through the night; He whistled on the way!

And even grief found sweet relief, Hope shed a brighter ray, And hearts he knew not blessed him For whistling on the way!

And when from life's dark shadows He passed into the day, They wrote above his line of love, "He whistled on the way!" —F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

THE BAND PLAYED "DIXIE."

And Sousa Won the Hearts of the People at Fayetteville.

When North Carolina celebrated its centenary, the Marine band was ordered to Fayetteville to participate in the ceremonies, said Bandmaster Sousa. The little southern town was much interested in the advent of the "premier band," and the prevailing opinion was that "Dixie" would be tabooed with us. Before the exercises a local committee waited upon me and intimated that "Dixie" was a popular melody in that vicinity.

"Of course," said the spokesman, "we don't want you to play anything you don't want to, but please remember, sir, that we are very fond of 'Dixie' here."

Bowing gravely, I thanked the committee for their interest in my programme, but let them completely in the dark as to whether I intended to play the loved song of the south or not.

The ceremonies opened with a patriotic address by Governor Fowle lauding the glories of the American flag, and naturally the only appropriate music to such a sentiment was "The Star Spangled Banner," which the crowd patriotically cheered.

The tone of the succeeding oration was equally fervid, but the speaker enlarged upon the glories of the commonwealth whose one hundredth anniversary was being celebrated. The orator sat down, and there was a momentary pause, and then as I raised my baton the strains of "Dixie" fell upon the delighted ears of the thousands round the platform.

The unexpected had happened, and such a shout went up from that throng I have never heard equaled. Hats were tossed in the air, gray haired men embraced, and for a few minutes a jubilant pandemonium reigned supreme. During the rest of our stay in Fayetteville the repertoire of the Marine band was on this order: "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie," "Star Spangled Banner," "Dixie," "Red, White and Blue," "Dixie."—Youth's Companion.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

OLYMPUS

Coolest, Cheapest and most home-like eating house in Jackson

EVERYTHING THE MARKET PRODUCES ALWAYS ON HAND

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS

Cool and comfortable rooms neatly arranged for private families.

Opposite Postoffice, Webb Building, Jackson.

NED TARASH, Proprietor.

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Office: Marelia building, Court street, Jackson

GLOBE HOTEL Corner Main and Court Streets JACKSON, CAL.

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President.....Henry Eudey Vice-President.....S. G. Spagnoli Secretary and Cashier.....Frederick Eudey

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: Henry Eudey, S. G. Spagnoli, John Strohm, C. Marelia and Alex Eudey of Jackson.

SAFETY DEPOSIT—Safe deposit boxes can be rented from the Bank of Amador County at the small expense of 30 cents a month, thereby securing you against any possible loss from fire or otherwise. Don't overlook this opportunity of protecting your valuables.

SAVE MONEY—Patrons to a home institution. Send money away through the Bank of Amador County; you will save 10 per cent and upward over postoffice or express. Money sent to all parts of the United States and also all parts of the world. We have the latest quotations on foreign exchange.

SAVE MONEY—It doesn't cost anything to deposit money in the Bank of Amador County. They receive deposits from \$5 up. Commence the new year by opening up a bank account. A man or woman with a bank account has a financial standing. Don't bury your money; when you die it can't be found and

THE MEN OF AFFAIRS IN THE Early Fifties.

JACKSON WAS ONCE A FULL FLEDGED CITY

Judge A. C. Brown, Chairman of the Board of Trustees—Wm. Jennings Clerk of the Board.

(BY WILL A. NEWCOMB.)

The vicissitudes of life are not more dramatically illustrated than in the small towns of the mining sections of our State, where, from 1849, placer and hydraulic mining drew to them the brawn and brain of the older states, in seeking gold, and eager also to possess plenty of it and then return to the home of youth, to the aged mother, or father, or sweetheart, and then live in peace and quiet forever afterward. The hopes of a better life were realized, the result being that some remained in the mining towns, gradually assuming positions in those walks of life for which nature and their attainments fitted them; others, however, took luck cast them; others wandered to more congenial camps or cities, and there continued the life they sought or were impelled by force of circumstances to live.

In the years that have elapsed since this place of the earth we call Jackson was first peopled by white settlers, the far greater number of pioneers have passed to the realm beyond. In some instances, the children of these pioneers are still here to keep green their memories, while in the majority of cases the inevitable changes wrought by time have with grim precision laid but a vague vision of the men and women of Jackson during the early fifties.

The above is called to the mind of the writer most vividly by the contents of a little record book, the fly leaf of which contains the following legend: "Records of the Proceedings of the Board of Trustees of the Town of Jackson, Organized by order of the County Court made November 7, 1853. Town elected by ballot, the following named First Board of Trustees, elected, qualified Dec. 5, 1853. Charles Boynton, Clerk of the Board of Trustees."

Incidentally it may not be out of place to mention the fact that at the first meeting of the State Legislature, and on March 27, 1850, there was passed an act to provide for the incorporation of towns. The act provided that on a petition and necessary proofs the County Judge could declare the towns incorporated and order an election for officers, to be held. The citizens of Jackson made the proper showing and the County Judge, Henry Eno, of Calaveras county, declared that part of Amador County, south of Dry Creek, Mokelumne Hill being the county seat, made the proper order November 5th, and the first election was held on November 20, 1850. The description of the town as laid down in the petition to the County Court was: "Commencing on the North Fork of Jackson Creek at the mouth of the first gulch on the south side, running into said North Fork on the south side below the Gate, running thence in a direct southeast direction to the South Fork of Jackson Creek, thence down said South Fork to the place beginning, the territory to be incorporated, the town being all that lying between the said North and South Forks of Jackson Creek up to the said line of boundary first above mentioned, and the whole being less than two miles square."

According to the law of 1850 the officers consisted of five trustees, a treasurer, an assessor and a marshal, and a special meeting was called for a election were Bruce Husband inspector; A. A. Humphreys judge; W. D. Skidmore and Eric Rossander clerks. Their canvass of the vote showed the following result:

For Trustees—A. C. Brown, 71; Wm. L. McKim, 105; Leon Sompayrac, 70; Thomas Jones, 69; Ellis Evans, 70; C. H. E. White, 42; P. A. Bowman, 42; R. H. Hall, 43; Amos Barrett, 43. For Assessor—W. V. R. Thomas, 66; J. P. Cooleedge, 45. For Assessor—E. H. Williams, 108. For Marshal—E. C. Webster, 47; Joseph Winn, 43; B. B. Redhead, 19. A special meeting was called for a election Thursday, and of the men who were candidates for office and the officers of election on that memorable election day, November 26, 1853, and which was the first election held in the town, making twenty-nine all told, there was but one, the Hon. A. C. Brown, remaining in Jackson, though during his eighty-five years of life time has dealt lightly with him and he is still hale and hearty, yet he is nearing the border land.

Born in Missouri and reared in Illinois his early manhood was spent in Wisconsin where he left in 1849 for California across the plains. At that time Mr. Brown was married and had a wife and a family of six children. When he left behind him he could not plot the new El Dorado. In September, 1849, he arrived at what is the town of Shasta and engaged in mining and for a time, in company with Dr. Burdett, he went to Pleasant Valley (El Dorado County) so named at that time by Mr. Brown because they struck a good lead there. After putting in about a month at Pleasant Valley they moved on to the Jackson Gate road, the one on which L. Poggi recently built a new residence) and got out poles and shingles, bought the boards and built a house by setting the poles in the ground and nailing on the sides and roof. The floor was of dirt. The family moved in and Mr. Brown began the practice of law. Since then he has been continuously connected with the affairs of Jackson and of Amador County. He was president of the board of town trustees during the entire time the town was organized as a corporation. He practiced before the County Court of Calaveras county before the county was divided and his name appears as attorney in the records of one of the first cases tried before the District Court, at its first session after Amador

County was organized in 1854, the records of said Court being now part of the archives of the County Clerk's office here. Afterwards he practiced before the courts of the State and particularly of Amador County. He was a member of the Legislature for three terms before 1870. In 1876 he was appointed County Judge to complete an unexpired term and afterwards was elected, serving until the enforcement of the new Constitution, January 1, 1880. Judge and Mrs. Brown were married at the ages of 21 and 17 years respectively, and lived together but a little less than sixty years, up to the time of her death in 1896. The result of their union was ten children, but three of whom are now living. Mrs. A. Askey of San Jose, is a daughter of Judge and Mrs. Brown of Jackson.

W. L. McKim was one of the commissioners selected by the Legislature of 1853-4 to organize the county of Amador, providing the matter of dividing it was carried at an election to be held June 17, 1854. The election was carried by division, and the commission called an election for county officers to be held July 17, 1854, at which election he defeated James Farley, afterwards United States Senator, for the office of treasurer. He was a surveyor here and of much prominence for many years and though he is long since dead his name will always remain prominent in this county where he did much surveying as United States Deputy Mineral Surveyor and as County Surveyor, the field notes of which are of record now form the basis of many of the modern surveys. He died December 22, 1877, from the result of injuries received on that day by being thrown out of a buggy near Jackson.

W. McKim married the widow of Henry Mann, proprietor of a restaurant which stood near the site of the present Central Hotel, and was thus step-father to three girls and a boy. Mr. Mann's wife at the time of his death was pregnant and he was about to be born. When the mother and children were crossing the plains Mr. Mann was wounded by a bear kept at his place and died before the family arrived. The wedding of McKim and Mrs. Mann was very romantic having taken place on the top of Butte Mountain in the presence of the fourteen families who then composed the white domestic population of the place, together with many other prominent citizens. The step-son of Mr. McKim, Henry Mann, is and has been for several years, one of the most prominent men in San Francisco insurance circles. The step-daughters are all married here, one to W. D. Skidmore who was one of the clerks of the first election, one to Helmer Turner, a prominent citizen here, and named Babcock and after his death to John Burke. Helmer Turner with his wife and family and his mother, who is the relict of the one time County Judge of Amador, J. Foot Turner, live in Berkeley. Mr. Turner has been responsible position in the office of his brother-in-law, Henry Mann, in San Francisco. John Burke and family live in Berkeley. When the town of Jackson was incorporated, Mr. Burke was a watchman and did police duty here. Since going to San Francisco he has been employed on the police force there and has for many years been a sergeant.

Leon Sompayrac, a Frenchman, was a storekeeper here and had a general merchandise store on the property now owned by John Chinn on Main street. Mr. Sompayrac was married and had a family of children. He left Jackson early, going to New Orleans, but has been dead many years. Thomas Jones, a native of Wales, for a number of years engaged in farming and teaming, living on his ranch adjoining town. He owned and conducted for a time the Philadelphia house which stood where R. Webb's block now is on Main street. Later he was employed in the revenue department of the government with headquarters at Jackson. For many years he was prominent in politics and affairs of the town. He has been dead many years. His son, Harry Jones, with his family, still lives on the old farm adjoining town. His other children are Mrs. Richard Webb of Jackson and Thomas R. Jones, who is the head of one of the departments of the Southern Pacific Company at Sacramento.

Ellis Evans came here in the spring of fifty with meat to sell, which had been ordered for the military. His enterprise was successful and subsequently he conducted three stores, one for general merchandise, one at Butte, one at Clinton and one at Jackson. In company with Armstrong Askey he built the old hotel in those days, which, after the fire of 1862, was rebuilt and called the National Hotel. Evans and Askey were landlords of the new house until the death of the latter in 1883, when it was sold to him. At the time of his death, about five years ago, Mrs. Evans, his widow, who is a sister of C. M. and J. B. Meeks of Jackson, still makes her home at that hotel.

Mr. Evans was one of the three supervisors elected to govern the first of the new County of Amador in 1854. In 1856 he was a member of the first grand jury which took an active interest in the suppression of vice in the community, and in the same year was elected Treasurer which office he filled for two years.

C. H. White was known as "Doc" White and was an elder brother of D. C. and John White, prominent in those days. He is supposed to have been a physician, but did not practice here so far as the writer has been able to ascertain. After a few years in Jackson he returned to the States.

P. A. Bowman was a physician and passed away long years ago in the old hotel that formerly stood about where the Bank block now stands on Main street. So far as the writer has been able to ascertain he left neither kith nor kin here to mourn his loss. Geo. C. Folger, the present postmaster of Jackson, was with him when he died and he left behind him a son to be buried in the Jackson graveyard.

R. H. Hall, commonly called "Congress Hall," kept a restaurant and saloon on the property on which now stands Love's Hotel and Mrs. McKim's residence. He left here early and went to San Francisco, where he operated a market for many years. He afterwards went to Santa Cruz and was living there when last heard of.

Amos Barrett kept a general merchandise store in company with a man named Majors on the property now forming part of the National Hotel and owned by Judge Brown. The agency of Wells Fargo's Express was in the store and Barrett was either clerk or agent for the company. Barrett and Majors were also interested in teaming and other enterprises. They met with reverses, and as the tongue of gossip, as now, was ever active, Barrett was accused of dishonesty and shortage to the Express Company. Shortly afterwards he went to Sacramento and while there committed suicide.

W. H. R. Thomas was elected the first treasurer of the town. He was the builder of the Tremont house near the property now occupied by the General Variety Store of E. G. Freeman Company. He failed in business and was attached and left this part of the country about 1855, so far as known he has not been heard from of late years. J. P. Cooleedge, who contested for the office of treasurer and was defeated, was a butcher and was commonly called "Pig" Cooleedge. He married a daughter of J. C. Han of Aqueduct, and went to the State of Nevada. Those who knew him in the olden times, say he has long since died.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

PIONEER FLOUR always has been and still is the best, 4-01.

PIONEER.

Golden Items From the Pioneer Mining District.

Mr. Editor:—If you can spare space in your valuable paper, will try and let the outside world know what we are doing in this district.

At the Madrone mine they are running a new tunnel and in a short time you will no doubt hear flattering reports from this mine.

At the Deadhead mine they have taken out considerable high grade ore, and are making every preparation to start up in full force in early spring.

At the Modoc mine a new tunnel has been run, tapping a three-foot ledge of very fair milling ore. This is a good mine and could be made a paying proposition if rightly handled. So say all who have been intimately acquainted with its workings from the day of its discovery. But, unfortunately, this mine appears to have a curse stamped upon each and every foot of its dimensions. And all this has come about by the appearance of that pestilential chap who designates himself as "Promoter," "Expert" or "General Manager" of some mythical company that has no more solvency about it than the so-called promoter has truth or honesty.

For the last ten or fifteen years this mine has been gouged and butchered by these persons who came here with a shoestring and expected to go away in a short time with a full-fledged land-tyard; and for that length of time there has not a company had hold of the mine that has paid the men in full for the labor performed. When these persons meet in San Francisco, or elsewhere, they probably smile the leering smile of the gentle hyena and say: "There is not a mine in Amador county that I would give a dash for." I can imagine about how their conversation would sound as I once had the good fortune of hearing a conversation between a pestilence and a famine.

The Defender is at work again in full force, the ledge at the 300 foot level is from 7 feet to 10 feet in width. About one-half of this is shipping ore, and the balance is milled on the ground and the product of the mill exceeds all expenses. A. MINER.

DEFENDER.

THE MOVEMENTS OF ANKUM CITY ARE CAREFULLY NOTED.

ANKUM, Jan. 15, 1901.—Miss Adella Carter left this morning for Sacramento City.

Miss Alma Clark, who had the misfortune to bruise her hand, causing a tumor, is doing nicely under the care of Dr. Tiffany.

Miss Hattie Selley is visiting her parents at Placerville.

Mrs. Clara Hite and baby, visited Mrs. Chas. Bell Thursday and Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Stumpff were the guests of Mrs. Sharp Sunday.

Asa Farnsworth, wife and baby, have gone to San Francisco to reside.

Mrs. Frank Goffinet and daughter, Flora, are visiting relatives in San Francisco.

None Hite of Plymouth, was in Ankum Saturday and Sunday last.

Mr. McMullen of Sacramento, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Carter.

Mrs. Duxstar, who has been quite sick for the past week, is improving.

Mr. Stumpff made a flying trip to Shenandoah Valley last Saturday.

Louise Seeley, who has been driving team for Mr. Jameson, quit last week.

Henry Seeley has gone to Sutter to work in the Vallego mine. NOME.

Senator Davis' Committee.

The Lieutenant-Governor has promoted Senator John P. Davis of this district to the Chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee, the leading Committee of the State Senate. Judge Davis is also upon the following very important Committees: Apportionment, Elections, Road and Highways, Mines and Mining, County Government and Revision of the Codes.

Senator Davis introduced one of the first resolutions of the day, that advocated by the California Club in favor of setting aside further forest reservations and the promotion of a Government Forestry Bureau to prevent the denudation of our forests by forest fires, cutting young trees for Christmas trees and other acts of vandalism from which our forests have lately suffered.

He also introduced a comprehensive primary bill, making a primary law mandatory in the larger counties and cities and optional in the smaller. The provisions are most carefully worked out. We publish a copy of the Bill in this issue.

He has also introduced two bills, one amendatory of the Code of Civil Procedure, and the other amendatory of the Penal Code for the further protection of electric power companies, of which we expect to have copies later on.

He has also introduced two bills in behalf of the Preston School of Industry, one appropriating money for improvement and repairs on the laundry, and the other appropriating money for the purchase of lumber and fencing material.

Judge Davis has succeeded in having E. A. Tibbits of Sutter Creek, appointed a watchman, and William Jennings of Drytown, a gate-keeper.

Died of His Injuries.

Last Monday, Herman Kopplin, a single man aged about 35, while working in a drift in the South Forks mine, was so severely injured that he died the following day. He was using the pick overhead at the time of the accident, and had no chance to escape the crushing rock. He sustained serious internal injuries which caused his death. His father lives in British Columbia.

For Sale.

The handsome and commodious 10 or 12-room, 2-story residence, known as the Dr. Mussett place. One of the finest locations, and biggest bargains in Jackson. All modern improvements, slightly location, fine grounds. Apply to H. J. Deacon, Sutter Creek, Cal., or to James Mussett, Jackson, 428-12.

AT THE RECORDER'S Office.

CRIMINAL CASES BEFORE JUSTICES LAST MONTH

Numerous Arrests Made for Disturbing the Peace.—One Case of Robbery.

DOCUMENTS RECORDED.

DEEDS.
Mary E. Orr to Mrs. M. Orr.—Land in T 7 N, R 11 E, S 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

U S heirs of N. Jellitch—40 acres in S 37, T 6 N, R 11 E.

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JACK TAR'S GROWL.

A Story Illustrating the Sailor's Habit of Grumbling.

The author of "From Edinburgh to the Antarctic," writing of the sailor's habit of grumbling, says: "The dinners are all the same—that is to say, Monday's dinners are all alike, and what we have today we shall have the same six months hence. Jack's forefather this day 100 years ago had the same menu and made the same uncomplimentary remarks about the dishes, and 100 years hence on this day Jack's children will growl over their salt horse and plumpless duff." The author also tells this "yam" to illustrate that Jack's habit of grumbling can't be cured and must be endured.

Once upon a time there lived a skipper whose wife said to him that if he went to sea the poor men would never find fault with their food. Her husband took her with him on a voyage, and the good woman attended to the cooking in the galley. The skipper was a good cook, and his food was fresh, and the duff was almost half plums, but still the men growled.

Then the skipper's wife thought of the hens she had brought on board to lay eggs for her husband's breakfast. She took them out of the coop, wrung their necks with her own fair hands, plucked them, roasted them and sent them to the fore-cabin to the cabin chum.

"Now the men," she said to herself, "will know how much we think of their comfort."

At eight bells she stole forward to the fore-cabin to listen to the praise of her skill as a cook. She looked down the hatch and saw a big black fish plucking a fork into the hen and heard a hoarse voice growl, "I say, Bill, what d'ye think this 'ere bloody fowl died of?"

Take Your Choice.

The Buddhist believes that happiness, Nirvana, consists in self-effacement, oblivion. The young Buddha began life by sitting unsupported in the air just after birth. Their mothers attained Nirvana immediately, and they, the Buddhas, reached Nirvana in various queer ways.

One earnest Buddha, one of the earliest of the long line, earned the "Nirvana" as follows:

A hawk was about to devour a small bird. Said the Buddha to the bird of prey:

"I beseech thee, leave this little creature in peace. I will give thee its weight from my own flesh."

Down from heaven came a pair of scales, and the transaction was accomplished. The small bird sat on one side of the scales, and the Buddha began putting slices of his body to the other side, while the bird of prey looked on with an evil eye. As the Buddha carved himself up the little bird seemed to get heavier and heavier. The beam of the scales did not move until the last particle of the saint's body was put in the scales.

The Buddhists' legends do not tell how the saint managed to carve up his last few fragments, but that is not important. Which do you think was happier, the Buddha who entered into Nirvana as the little bird flew away or the bird of prey that made a hearty meal of the saint's flesh and sailed off delighted with his bargain?—New York Journal.

Cobwebs and Cuts.

An old time remedy to stop blood flowing from a cut is to put cobwebs over it, but from recent discovery it appears a dangerous thing to do. Some time ago a woman fell and cut her head, and when her friends hurried to her assistance they found the blood flowing from a deep gash. Cobwebs were applied, and the bleeding quickly stopped, but in a few days the woman was taken with lockjaw.

A scientist declared there were lockjaw germs in cobwebs, and that was the way the woman contracted the disease. He has made quite a study of the subject and says that in a handful of cobwebs he found 61 different disease germs. That being true, it is very easy to see how one could get not only lockjaw, but many other dreadful diseases, as the cobweb is placed right on an open wound and the germs can enter the blood. Cobwebs form in dark, dirty places, and it is not to be wondered that they gather germs.—Exchange.

The Log of a Ship.

A ship's log is an instrument for measuring the rate at which the vessel is going and consists of three parts—viz, the log chip, the log line and the log glass. The principle is simply this: A light substance thrown from the vessel ceases to partake of the motion of the vessel as soon as it strikes the water and will be held behind on the surface after a certain interval. If the distance of the ship from this stationary object be measured, the approximate rate of sailing will be given.

The log chip is the float, the log line is the measure of the distance, and the log glass defines the interval of time.

In the old days the heaving of the log required skill and watchfulness, but since the patent log has come into use no skill is required in finding the speed of a vessel. It is regulated by clock-work, and the number of knots the vessel sails per hour is recorded on the dial without any hand touching it.

"English travelers," says a London correspondent of the Boston Transcript, "have so jeered our advertising outrages upon architecture and scenery that I fancied we were of all nations most culpable. But after a season's residence in England I hold America excused. Our advertising efforts are modest, even feeble, beside those of our British cousins."

A London bus is a mere advertising sign with accommodations for passengers. It takes almost as long to read one through as to read a daily paper. The destination of the bus is marked in inconspicuous letters, the smallest on the canvas decorated vehicle, and the chances of disentangling those letters from the maze of advertising announcements about them in time to hail the bus you want are smaller still."

Crape on the Door.

The custom of placing crape on the door of a house where there has been a recent death with accommodations for passengers. It takes almost as long to read one through as to read a daily paper. The destination of the bus is marked in inconspicuous letters, the smallest on the canvas decorated vehicle, and the chances of disentangling those letters from the maze of advertising announcements about them in time to hail the bus you want are smaller still."

The royal army clothing factory of Great Britain has only two commissioned officers, a director and a doctor.

The London Bus.

A bus weighs 3,200 pounds and costs \$145. It is made of ash and oak except the paneling, which is mahogany, and the windows are of plate glass. Before a bus is allowed to earn its \$22 10s. a day it has to be licensed, or, as they say, "you have to get a number plate for it." This number plate is the white plate with black figures surmounted by a crown seen at the tail of the bus. It is provided by the police and costs \$2. Then there is a wheel duty of 15s. per annum to be paid to the inland revenue.

After making these payments any one can run a bus in London wherever he likes, subject of course to the general rules and regulations bearing upon all vehicular traffic. Attached to each bus is a stud of 12 horses, of which one, ten, or five pairs, are worked in any one day, thus securing a complete day's rest for each pair every sixth day. As a bus runs 64 miles a day and five pairs of horses are used it follows that a bus horse's day's work is 13 miles, which does in less, considerably less, than three hours, the rate at which he travels being between five and six miles an hour.

This does not seem a great deal to exact from a horse, still the work is hard, often involving a prolonged dead pull at the trot, and the crowded condition of the London streets makes it harder by necessitating continual deviations out of the way of obstacles and abrupt stoppages to avoid collisions.—Cassell's Magazine.

How a Woman Loves.

Whenever I hear his name, I could faint. When I see him, I could sink into the ground. At the sight of his handwriting I grow cold from head to foot. I tremble, my heart aches so, that it seems breaking in two. I long to be with him, yet when I am with him I have nothing to say. I have to escape and be miserable all alone. He is my thought all day; the last before I sleep, the first when I awake. I could cry and cry. I try to read, and I remember not a word. I like playing best, for then I can almost imagine that he is listening. But when I stop playing and look around I find myself in an empty room. It is awful. I call his name; no one answers. I whisper it; still no answer. I throw myself on the ground, and I say, "Think of me, think of me; you shall; you must; you do think of me!" It is great torture and a great despair. Perhaps it is a madness too. But it is my way of loving. I want to love while I live. If I knew for certain that he loved me—only—the joy, I think, would kill me. Love! Do you know, poor little angel, what it means? Sometimes it is a curse.—From "Robert Orange," by Mrs. Craigie.

Cured by Forgetting.

This is an English story, and, strange as it may seem, it made a hit when it was told at the Lamb's club, says the New York Telegraph. It was perpetrated by Lawrence d'Orsay, the English actor. Several members of the club spun yarns of dubious merit, when Mr. d'Orsay in his peculiar way began:

"Now, gentlemen, I'll relate a story." One man present pulled out his watch, and they all thought it was going to be a serial. One or two started to go, but the actor stopped them by his assurance that the story wouldn't be very long.

"There was a friend of mine in London," he said, "who was an incessant cigarette smoker. One day he lost his memory. Then he forgot to smoke cigarettes, and he got well again."

Mr. d'Orsay effected his escape through the assistance of a friend who knew him when he didn't tell such stories.

The "Camel's Hair" Brush.

"Contrary to the belief of most people, the camel's hair brush used by artists has nothing of the camel in it," said a manufacturer of soft brushes to a writer the other day. "There was a time when real camel's hair was used for the purpose. The ship of the desert, however, has long been superseded by the homely little squirrel. Not only is squirrel's hair very much less costly, but it is better, softer, more pliable and far more durable. At the present day it is doubtful if you could find a pound of camel's hair in all the brush factories in this country. However, there is no cause for fear that the graceful little squirrel will be exterminated. It is the European squirrel that furnishes the hair for the brushes, the covering of the American squirrel being too furry and soft for the purpose."—Washington Star.

No Case.

Man (to lawyer)—I've been badly bitten by a dog. Can I get damages from its master?

Lawyer—Did you do anything to irritate the dog?

Man—No.

Lawyer—Were you on its owner's premises?

Man—Er—yes.

Lawyer—In what capacity? As a friend or?

Man—Of course this is strictly confidential.

Lawyer—Certainly.

Man—Well, I was trying to break in to his house.—Pick-Me-Up.

Not Quite Clear.

Hinkly—I wonder what Stilson was driving at this evening?

Holden—What did he say?

Hinkly—It was at the club, and I was having a broiled lobster. Stilson suggested that I was a sort of cannibal.

I'm half inclined to suspect he was making fun of me, although I don't see how.—Boston Transcript.

Much the Same.

Mrs. Hayseed—Did you go to hear the bowling derishes while you were in the city?

Mr. Hayseed—No, but I went to Cousin Miranda's, and she's got twins.—New York Weekly.

A Helpful Suggestion.

"Kin you tell me, young feller," inquired Mr. Reuben Hay of Four Corners, "where hereabouts I kin git me a good farmer suit?"

"Why, there's a good pantsmaker not two blocks away," replied the young fellow blithely.—Harper's Bazar.

Not True to Its Name.

"Didn't you start out with a play called 'Turned Adrift'?" asked the friend.

"We did," replied that eminent tragedian and repertory actor, Mr. Barnes Torner, "but we couldn't get anybody to float it."—Indianapolis Press.

The infancy of British manufacturing was nursed by engineers from Holland, who superintended the erection of wind and water mills.

The stayer wins whether the weapon be drawn or brains. The best work is done by hard work.

Squelched a French Dodo.

A young woman of smart wit and striking beauty presided at one of the stalls at a Paris charity bazaar. Among the small crowd which pressed round the fair vender was a young man of good assurance, who gazed upon the girl with freedom and affected to admire the various fancy articles exposed for sale, but thought nothing.

"What will you please buy?" asked mademoiselle, with an exquisite smile.

"Oh," replied the young dandy, with a languishing look, "what I most wish to buy is unhappily not for sale."

"Tell me what you wish?" she responded.

"Oh, no; I dare not declare my wishes."

"Nevertheless let me know what you wish to buy," persisted the fair saleswoman.

"Well, then, since you demand it, I should like a ringlet of your glossy black hair."

She manifested no embarrassment at the bold request, but with a pair of scissors fearlessly dipped off one of her beautiful locks and handed it to the astonished youth, remarking that the price was only \$100.

Her audacious admirer was thunderstruck with the demand, but dared not demur, as by this time a group had collected and were listening to the conversation. So he took the hair, paid over the money and left the hall.

Value of Telephone Numbers.

"Telephone numbers have an actual money value," said an officer of the American Bell Telephone company. "The assertion has a strange sound, but if you think for a moment of the advantage a business house derives from having its location well known the thing seems only natural."

"In the course of time people's minds begin to associate a firm with its telephone number, and if when they start to call up an old friend they find him masquerading under a new number it is as much of a shock as if they had called at a house with which they were in the habit of doing business and found it had moved away. It all comes from the legal head of 'good will,' a very elusive commodity, but one which has its market value."

"So much is this fact appreciated by some of our old patrons that they are willing to pay heavy mileage if they move away from the neighborhood of their exchange in order to retain their old telephone address. Many important houses have followed the northward trend of business in the last few years, and there are several cases of a firm's office address being in the up town district, while its telephone number remains so and so Cortlandt or Broad. The firm's line to the exchange may be several miles long."—New York Mail and Express.

The Sneezing Wood Tree.

The remarkable sneezing wood tree is a native of Natal and other parts of South Africa. Its funny name was given to it because one cannot saw it without sneezing violently.

"So much is this fact appreciated by some of our old patrons that they are willing to pay heavy mileage if they move away from the neighborhood of their exchange in order to retain their old telephone address. Many important houses have followed the northward trend of business in the last few years, and there are several cases of a firm's office address being in the up town district, while its telephone number remains so and so Cortlandt or Broad. The firm's line to the exchange may be several miles long."—New York Mail and Express.

The fact that insects find it so disagreeable makes its wood very valuable for work that is required to last a long time.

Blamed the Planets.

In the middle of the fourteenth century in Paris a new ordinance enjoining the cleansing of the streets and the shutting up of swine was carefully neglected, as usual, and a terrible plague was the consequence. The faculty of medicine, called upon for a remedy by the king, sent to inform him after long discussion that the plague was the result of a hostile conjunction of the planets Mars and Jupiter.

A Poet With Vigor.

The McMillans of London published a book of poems by T. E. Brown, which the English critics lauded because of the "vigor of the poet's descriptive style." Here is a little sample of it referring to the sailing of a fishing smack:

So to the tiny gradual sea he hailed; Then one the tiller took And chewed and spat upon his hand and bowled, And smilies, lay on the bowsprit end and called And cursed the harbor master by his gods.

Fort like a moldy bat, and one, with nose And smilies, lay on the bowsprit end and called And cursed the harbor master by his gods.

Slime slobbered, horrible, I saw her reel And drag her oozy flank And sprawl among the dead young waves that laughed.

And leapt and turned in many a sportive wheel As she thumped onward with her lumbering draft.

We believe this is a poet who could almost do justice to the Chicago stockyards. The rhythmic swish of the pig sticker's knife and the thrilling splash of the hog in the scalding vat ought to thrill such a bard to the very core of his immortal soul. Give us a call, Brown.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Too High For Inspection.

Count de Koronet (who is an ardent admirer of Willie's sister)—What are you after, my little fellow? Come round here where I can see you.

Willie (who is climbing on the back of the count's chair)—I said you had a skating rink on top of your head, and I want to see it!—Brooklyn Life.

The Boatman's Turn.

A boatman in the north of England having been engaged to row a reverend gentleman over a rough part of a river, was very much annoyed at the manner he was addressed by the clergyman, the conversation commencing thus:

Clergyman—My dear man, have you ever studied "geology"?

Boatman—No, sir; An hevn't.

Clergyman—Well, my friend, that's part of a life lost, but you will probably know a little "theology"?

Boatman (turning quite irritable)—No, An hevn't about that either.

Clergyman—Well, that's another part of a life lost, my man.

Nothing more was said, as the water was turning very boisterous and they were in great danger, when suddenly the boat gave a lurch and was capsized.

The boatman, being an expert swimmer, took the situation quite coolly, while his companion, who knew nothing of the art of swimming, was struggling for life. The boatman, who was making good progress toward terra firma, accosted the clergyman with the following:

"An say, mister, do ye know onny thing about 'swimology'?"

"No, my man; I don't."

"Wey, what a pity," said the boatman, "there's a whole life lost!"

Pearson's.

A DOMESTIC JAR.

The Little Dialogue With Which the Proceedings Were Enlivened.

Here's a little dolly dialogue that was overheard in a \$24 a month Capitol hill mansion one evening last week:

She—Why, oh, why, did I ever marry you?

He—Because I was a good thing.

She—You are becoming positively coarse.

He—Association.

She—You pay no attention whatever to my little wishes.

He—What's the use of chasing a car after you've caught it?

She—I believe you have been drinking again.

He—No such luck.

She—I'm in rage.

He—Well, we'll do a sketch. So'm I.

She—I haven't been to the theater for two weeks.

He—Yours is a sad story.

She—Brute!

He—Ours is a peaceful home.

She—Are you going down town tonight?

He—If I can swing you for car fare.

She—I have only \$3 in my purse.

He—Hetty Green!

She—I saw a pair of high heeled patent leathers today, reduced to \$3, that I must and shall have.

He—D'je see any men's brogans for \$1.39?

She—Why don't you get shaved?

He—Waiting for pay day.

She—Don't you know the rent and the gas will be due this pay day?

He—Then I'll cut out the shave.

She—I wish I had never left mamma, so I do.

He—Others, others!

She—I have a good notion to go right back to her this minute.

He—Have you got an umbrella?

She—Oh, yes, you—g-g-governments—click! (Tears. Curtain.)—Washington Post.

The Neglected Voice.

The voice is the most common and at the same time the most complex of human faculties. When we listen to it we realize nothing of the many influences at work in its use. Yet it represents the character, the mood, the temperament and the health of the individual when left to run in its own way. If uncontrolled, it will develop much as a flower garden will develop; the rank and weedy nature will come to the front, and the tones of exquisite beauty will be obscured. Bad daily habits in the use of the voice will give it many disagreeable qualities. If controlled, the voice will keep its weeds in the background and permit only its beauties to be known. If cultivated, the weeds will be taken out and the flowers developed.—Pittsburg Press.

An Unexpected Result.

"You know how superstitious Bloxham is?"

"Is he?"

"Yes; he picked up a pin in the street the other day with the point turned directly toward him."

"Go on."

"An hour afterward he received a telegram announcing the death of an uncle from whom he hadn't heard for several years."

"And the uncle died immensely rich and left him all his property?"

"Not much! He had to pay the funeral expenses."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Humor in Them.

Giles—I don't like that barber's funny remarks.

Miles—Why, what's wrong with them?

Giles—The illustrations are painful.

Miles—The illustrations?

Giles Yes; he uses original cuts.—Chicago News.

Easy.

Benham—Isn't room here to swing a cat.

Mrs. Benham—Then we won't have a cat.—Brooklyn Life.

A Caroline Islands Legend.

The Caroline Islands group includes besides coral islands five mountainous islands of basaltic formation, beautiful and fertile with rivers and springs.

Among the many queer legends of these children of the Pacific there is none more highly improbable than their theory as to the origin of these islands and their inhabitants. They think they themselves were very strong in the water—in fact, they lived in it.

The story goes that a woman and her children were floating around on the reef when a man appeared from the west with a basket of soil on his shoulders. He had started out to make an island with a mountain on it. One of the children cried out to him, "Give us a little soil to make a place for our mother to rest, for she is very weak and cannot swim." He took out a handful of the earth and threw it down, making an island. As the man was going on his way over the water the son slyly made a hole in the basket, so as he proceeded on his way he left a trail of land behind. Suddenly he became conscious that the basket seemed light, and, looking around, he saw the land. In his anger he turned about and trod upon it, and thus the islands were formed.

Insisted on a Change.

The spick and span young officer who calmly takes command over veterans grown "gray in battle and victory" is sometimes an amusing person, particularly if a sense of his own importance is unduly developed.

On one occasion, word was received in various South African camps that on such and such a morning every man in Officer's army must change his shirt.

The Imperial Light horse, who formed part of the command, had only one shirt apiece, and that was on their backs. So a messenger was dispatched to explain. But the honor and gallant officer, fresh from Sandhurst, knew his business.

"If the men of the Imperial Light horse have not got a second shirt," said he firmly, "let them change shirts with each other. My orders are imperative."

And There He Was.

"Yes," he said, "I think a man owes it to himself to choose a wife who can do housework, if necessary. Of course I wouldn't want my wife to work in the kitchen, but she ought to be able to do so. One never can tell what may happen. I've sometimes leave suddenly, and fortunes are occasionally swept away. In my opinion, a girl does herself just as much honor in learning to do housework as in learning to play the piano or in studying 'Omar Khayyam,' and."

"Oh, Mr. Spoodlekins," she cried, "excuse me for interrupting you, but such a funny thing happened this afternoon. I dropped the dishcloth and said to myself, 'There, I know somebody will come this evening! And here you are!'"

—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Old Chestnuts.

It is said that a certain Cleveland lady whose handsome house is in an ultrafashionable section of the city was called east while her home was undergoing the renovating and refurbishing process. During her absence a man was especially engaged to hang the pictures. Among them were a number of excellent copies of the world's greatest works of art, and the man, an artist, found his task a labor of love.

With great care he hung the more valuable copies in the roomy reception hall and had just finished his task when the lady returned.

Her eyes snapped as she surveyed his work.

"Who hung those old chestnuts there?" she cried.

"Old masters, madam," said the startled artist.

"Old chestnuts, I say; it's the same thing. If you hung them, take them down. I won't have them there. With new furniture and new decorations and new carpets and rugs I'll have new pictures too. Who ever heard of such old stuff in a strictly modern house?"

"And what shall I do with the—the old chestnuts, madam?" the artist inquired.

"Oh, dump them into the attic until I can get rid of them," replied the lady.

And there the "chestnuts" lie, Madonnas and cherubs and all, gathering dust and calmly awaiting the getting rid of process.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Renting Locomotives.

Hundreds of locomotives are rented every year. Several corporations make their chief revenue this way. The Baldwin have many machines out on the rental form of payment—that is, the engines are rented in the same way that you would buy a stove on installments—so much down, so much a month, the payments to apply on the final purchase money. It is seldom, however, that a railroad rents locomotives. They are usually let out to contractors who construct temporary railways for hauling dirt from excavations.